



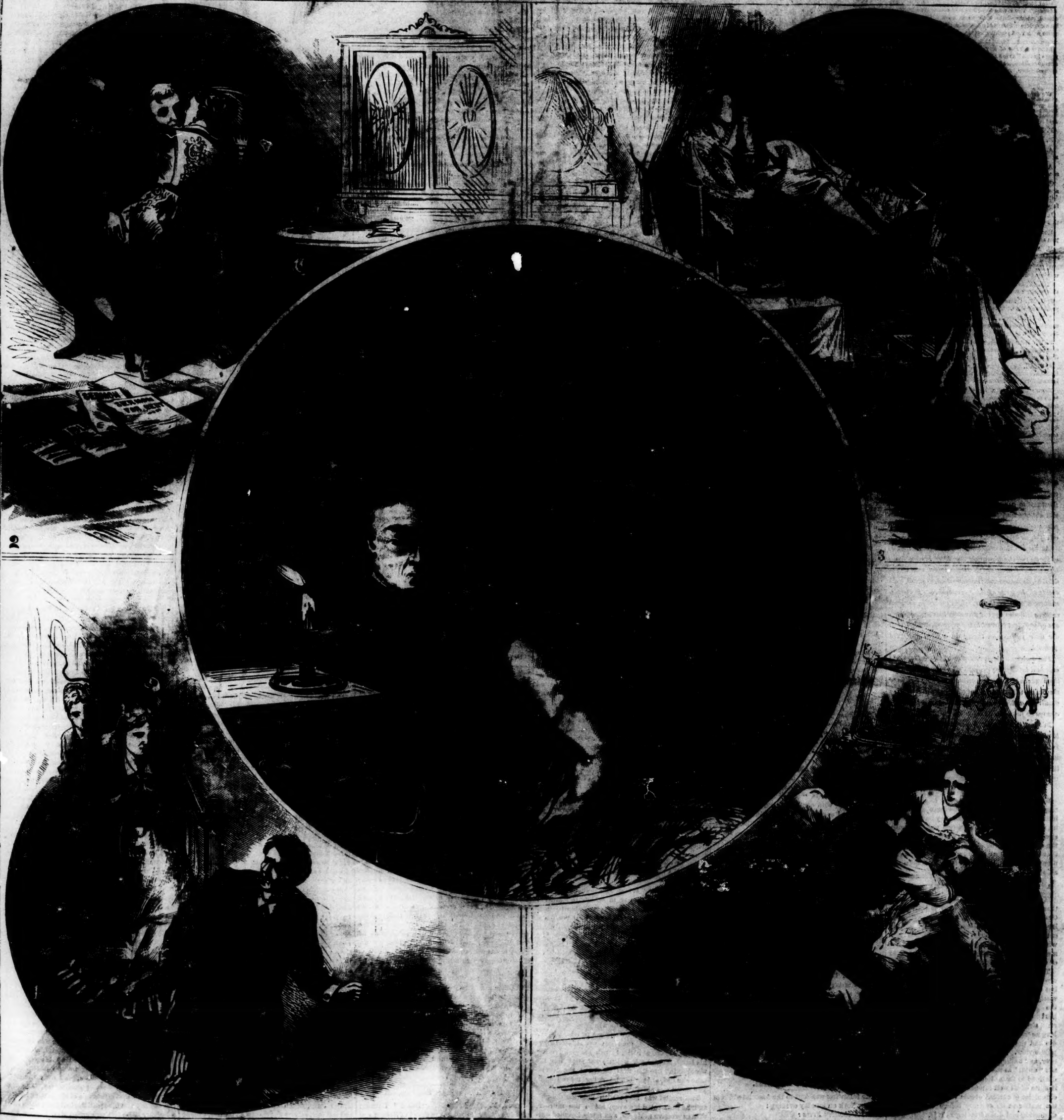
# NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

Illustrating the Sensational and Extraordinary Events of The Day.

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1—A DEMONIC DEED—GUSTAVE MESTAG, OF ANVERS, BELGIUM, MURDERS HIS WIFE AND CUTS HER BODY INTO ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THREE PIECES. 2—THE BISHOP MOOREHEAD SCANDAL, MICHIGAN—SCENE BETWEEN THE ALLEGED SINFUL CHURCH DIGNITARY AND HIS FAIR AMATEUR, AS DEPICTED IN THE REVELATIONS. 3—FATAL SHOOTING OF SAMUEL HENDERSON BY JOHN PHILLIPS, IN MRS. POWERS' BAGNIO, DECATUR, ALABAMA. 4—MRS. SPANGBERG COWHIDING HERBERT KENNETH FOR ALLEGED BLANDER OF HER DAUGHTER, HOBOKEN, N. J. 5—VIOLENT ENCOUNTER BETWEEN WILLIAM HOGLEN AND DR. LOWE, HIS WIFE'S SEDUCER, DAYTON, O.







## DAYTON'S DEVILMENT.

The Striking Escapade of a Family Physician who had Seduced the Wife of a Prominent Citizen.

## A STRANGE INFATUATION.

(Subject of Illustration.)

DAYTON, O., April 13.—Social circles here—indeed, I may say the entire community—are just now agog over the most sensational bit of scandal with which Dayton has been visited for years. Indeed, I hesitate to name it "scandal," for to the average newspaper reader the word conveys an idea associated with the every-day-occurring cases of crime, etc., of double guilt and blame, and of equal shame and penalty, bad enough in themselves, but frequently with an equally divided burden of guilt. These, indeed, are sentiments heaped upon them by society, but towering far above them all in hideous selfishness, in studied treachery, in long and carefully laid plans for the overthrow of trusting virtue, and the destruction of a happy home, into which the temper had been admitted in the most sacred relations which our social system recognizes, is this one.

A happy home; a beautiful, affectionate, honored wife; a trusting, adoring husband; a family physician at once as devoid of principle and as full of cunning as the serpent, a course of treatment for years with this seeming end in view, a fall beyond comprehension to the fallen one, yet a fall which shattered at once the sacred altars of a most sacred home, and shakes to the foundation those of many others of our beautiful city, carrying surprise and pain and grief and agony to scores of homes and to hundreds of hearts among relatives and friends and intimate associates in the best walks of life. Of the characters in this eventful drama the chief are Dr. Joseph E. Lowe, a prominent physician to the best families here, and a well-known local politician in the Republican ranks, and Mrs. Wm. Hoglen, the beautiful and till now universally respected wife of a worthy and honored citizen. Both parties have until now stood well in the community, both were looked upon as people of education and refinement, and both were recognized as belonging to the wealthier class, not the wealthiest, but counting their possessions well up in the thousands, and able to surround themselves with all the comforts and luxuries which make life pleasant, and betoken a career of honor and usefulness in society.

Dr. Lowe, the betrayer, the outrager, for I can scarcely honor him with the name of seducer—has been a resident of this city for some ten years, and by a practice of his profession, coupled with an almost penurious frugality, has accumulated probably \$25,000. He is a tall, finely-built man of thirty-five, with black, glossy, curling hair, a full black beard, a commanding presence and a nature magnetic to a degree which makes him at once

## DANGEROUS AND ALL-POWERFUL.

He came here, a single man, from Canada, married a respectable widow of this place, and, in turn, five years later became a widower. He is of the Homoeopathic school, so popular here, a member of the Montgomery County Homoeopathic Medical Society, an active member in the School Board, and surgeon, with rank of major, in the Fourth Regiment Ohio National Guards.

Mrs. Hoglen, the victim, is the wife of William Hoglen, of a well-known firm of this place, with her husband a native of this city, and of its most respected families. She is a daughter of Mr. Richard Chambers, a retired contractor, well known and universally respected. She is described as a beautiful blonde, of about twenty-six, with luxuriant golden hair, large, dreamy blue eyes, a petite and perfect figure, faultless in face and in manner, and of the most modest and at once lovable and loving disposition. Naturally retiring, and yet with all those womanly graces which words cannot describe, she was honored, respected and admired of all, blushing like a school-girl when spoken to, and yet firm and noble in her womanhood and in Christian graces. She was an honored member of the Methodist church, of which her husband was a pillar, and until within the past few months, the period covered by her shame, a constant attendant upon its services. She was the mother of three beautiful children, and up to the present time had been regarded as the most affectionate and dutiful of wives and a loving mother. Some years since she was troubled with an affection peculiar to her sex, and, after employing various physicians to no purpose, Dr. Lowe was called in, and, giving some assurances of successful treatment, was continued. His visits and attentions continued during three years, the husband paying him large sums of money for his alleged services, but the wife continuing an invalid. About a year ago the brothers of the husband became convinced that the Doctor's intentions were not of a proper nature, and not only disengaged him from service in their families, but endeavored to bring, by indirect means, the husband to see the true tendency of his influence. With an unbounded confidence and earnest love for his beautiful wife, however, he continued without the slightest suspicion of the facts, even up to last Tuesday evening, when the cloud, which had been gathering upon his devoted head, burst in untold violence upon his devoted head. More recently, however, the true state of affairs became so plainly visible that the brothers determined that they must be brought to the knowledge of the husband. Meanwhile one of them had visited the Doctor and ordered him to discontinue his visits, which he promised to do unless called on professionally. A few days ago, however, the intimacy continuing, the brothers, three of them, aided by the servant girl employed in the house and that of one of the brothers, devised a plan to bring the facts to the knowledge of the trusting but now

## CRUELLY WOUNDED HUSBAND.

He was requested by them to go to a certain point, a day's travel from Dayton, on business, and after remaining there one day to accomplish the business, he would be able to return. He therefore informed his wife that he would be absent three days, and left on Monday morning. They then, by means not necessary to detail, caused information to reach the Doctor that the husband would be absent until Wednesday.

The game worked well, and by Monday night they were sure that the Doctor would pay his visit on Tuesday night. They then brought the husband back to Dayton by telegraph order, he arriving here on the six o'clock train. By various pretexts he was detained at the office until the next morning. The servant girl had been instructed to lock all the doors to prevent the game from escaping and take the keys away with her. Mrs. Hoglen, however, insisted upon one key being left with her, and so there remained one way of egress. By 10 o'clock the game was safely in cover, and the signal was given to the brothers that everything was ready. Here they dropped their business conversation with the

unsuspecting William, telling him he had better go home to his family, and bidding him good night sent him homeward, themselves following unobserved to see the denouement. Meanwhile the servants, who, to their credit be it said, acted their parts heroically, had slipped into the house, and listening in the hall overhead distinctly a conversation between the Doctor and his victim in her bed-room in the second story. When, however, the husband came, unsuspecting nothing, he opened and shut the gate with some little noise, the tell-tale sounds, giving warning to the guilty couple overhead, and as the loving, all-unsuspecting husband stepped briskly up the walk, his ringing steps sending terror to the hearts overhead, the servants heard a shuffling sound, which told them that the Doctor was getting himself out of the way into another room. By the time the husband entered, however, this was accomplished, and when he entered his wife's room he found everything in apparent order, and his pretty little wife waiting to receive him. Only one thing did he notice, and that was a sumptuous lunch, with wines and other delicacies, set upon a sideboard at hand. To his question of this, however, the wife replied that she had had it there for herself in the afternoon, and not yet had it removed. Thus satisfied, and thoroughly tired out with his two days' travel, he retired soon after. During the interval the servant had slipped out and acquainted the brothers, who were waiting, with the condition of affairs, and told them that she was sure the Doctor was secreted in a room adjoining that occupied by the unsuspecting Hoglen and his faithless wife. Then it was decided—for it was determined by the brothers that William should have proof for himself and make his own discoveries—that the girl should go to the room, and, after discovering the Doctor, scream for help, thus bringing the husband

REFORE HE COULD ESCAPE. This plan was faithfully carried out. Taking a lamp in her hand, as if about to retire, she walked boldly up-stairs straight to the unsuspecting room, and threw open the door.

At first she saw nothing, and for the moment was led to believe that the bird had flown. A little closer examination, however, convinced her that she was right, for lying on the floor near some clothing hung against the wall lay his boots. Looking still further she saw the Doctor's feet and the bottom of his pants showing below the skirts of a dress hung against the wall. He slipped into the dress, or behind it, in his effort to get out of sight, and there stood trembling, yet hoping that he would not be discovered. With a presence of mind worthy the sterner sex she retreated to the door, and giving a piercing scream, called to Mr. Hoglen to come quickly—that there was a man in the house. Hoglen, who is a broad-shouldered, muscular fellow, jumped from his bed, and, with no weapon but his arms and the scant apparel of the night, rushed into the hall. At this the doctor sprang from under the dress and flew toward the door, boots in hand. He was caught by the plucky servant girl, but, breaking away from her, ran, or almost flew, down-stairs, with Hoglen, who yet supposed the "man" simply a burglar. As the Doctor reached the foot of the stairs the second servant was waiting, and, with wide-spread arms, attempted to check him, but he valiantly, seeing the situation, struck him a heavy blow on the head with his boots, which he still held in his hand, and passed on, with Hoglen in pursuit, but a few steps behind. As Hoglen passed the girl she said to him: "It's Dr. Lowe."

These words were like magic to him, and changed him in a twinkling from a thief-catcher into an enraged husband in pursuit of the villain who had robbed him of the most sacred thing on earth, the love and honor of his wife. "In an instant," he says, "I understood all. The mystery of the past year now understood, but unsuspecting in this light, became clear to me."

Meanwhile the Doctor had found himself locked in, and was vainly rushing from one door to another to get out. The plucky servant girl, after receiving the blow, had retreated into the single room from which there was a means of exit, and, locking the hall door behind her, cut off that last hope. All this took but an instant, and before Lowe had tried the third door the wronged husband was upon him. The struggle was short, sharp and decisive. Lowe, though a large man, was unable to cope with the strong arms of the maddened husband, and a moment later Hoglen had him by the throat and was slowly choking the life out of his miserable carcass. His black, glistening, snake eyes started from their sockets, his tongue protruded, his face became discolored, and he sunk to the floor almost insensible, when the wife rushed in between them and saved the husband from murder and the seducer from

## THE FATE HE SO RICHLY DESERVED.

By this time the brothers had entered, when she struck them, fiercely charging them with having set the job up to catch her. The husband, too, requested them to withdraw, stating that he was able to settle with Dr. Lowe, and started up stairs, evidently to obtain his revolver, to make short work of the affair, but on returning he found that he had escaped through a rear window, which had been unhappily unguarded. The escape and location were all fortunate for the Doctor, but unfortunate for the community, for had he not been killed by the outraged husband, he would, I am told, have surely been so attended to by the brothers, that he would have been forevermore harmless in families of even the most easy virtue. The brothers were determined and desperate, and it is only through the lucky chance that they had forgotten the back window that this admirable "family physician" now retains his evidences of manhood.

The wife was at first defiant, and seemed, as she had appeared for months past, laboring under some strange influence, as if the victim of some baneful drug. Finally, however, she broke down and confessed all.

She stated that this unholy intimacy had been going on for months; she knew not how long. She said that some time last fall she felt that she was completely in his power, and struggle against it as she would she could not avoid his influence. The medicine which he gave her, her friends say, served to act upon her as strange and terrible drugs affect the person; she was wretched with out them, and more strange and unaccountable in her actions when she had them. The opinion is freely expressed by Mr. Hoglen's brothers that she was drugged, but to produce this effect and to continue the alleged "diocese" for which he was treating her. As if to add the last stroke to the wrongs and to further his hellish designs, it is stated that the Doctor had positively forbidden the husband to have intercourse with her, stating that her health would not admit of it, and had by other means striven to alienate the affections of each from the other.

## FAMILY PHYSICIAN'S LIABILITIES.

It is stated by a prominent and reliable young man in a position to know that crimes of this

nature have been frequently committed by the Doctor in his office with both married and unmarried females, and that but for his interference it would have occurred often. The wife has been sent home to her father's house by the husband, and is still there with her children. She is in an agony of repentance and grief indescribable. The husband has sold his entire business interest and other property here and is preparing to leave, to go he knows not where. He is broken down by his sorrow.

It is rumored that there are prospects of legal proceedings, and, if the theories advanced by the family can be sustained, there seems reason to believe that a term in the Ohio penitentiary awaits the Doctor. It is said that he now makes no defense, scarcely denying the accusation.

Public opinion is almost entirely against him, and it is stated that he will be asked to resign his position as School Trustee and as officer of the Fourth Regiment.

The Doctor, it is stated by Mr. Hoglen's family, has already so far confessed his crime as to send a mutual acquaintance with an offer to compromise by a payment of money, but this offer of course, was rejected. The affair has created a profound sensation, such as Dayton has not experienced for many years.

It is said that Dr. Lowe is offering his property for sale, and is preparing to leave town, on account of the developments of the past few days. The names of the two girls who so heroically aided in arranging and carrying out the plan, by which the master was brought to light, are Katie Brunkmeyer and Katie Schillhammer. They should have a monument.

Should the intention of the relatives be carried out, and Lowe be prosecuted and sent to the penitentiary, I can almost wish that Deputy Dean were again there to try his hand upon this individual for a few consecutive months.

## Desperate Fracas in a Beer Saloon.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Paul Bauer's saloon at 33 Bowery was on Saturday night, 13th inst., the scene of a scuffle in which pistol practice was indulged in with a cool indifference to results and a recklessness of aim that was well worthy the revolver-rousing rances of the west. At a table in the place a group of men were drinking. There were among them John Hannon, of 167 Thompson street; Thomas J. Burke, of 150 Cherry street; Maurice Moore, who is more familiar to Bowery denizens as "Mollie" Moore.

The whole party were in a high state of bluntery when a woman strolled into the place. She was Lillie Logan, and with the effrontery peculiar to her class she took a chair and drew up to the table. "Mollie" Moore had met the woman before and quarrelled with her, and now when she intruded herself he manifested an inclination to annoy her and drive her away. For a time no one noticed his actions, but presently he feigned intoxication and began staggering about till he came up to Lillie's side. There he stood for a moment, and then pretending to slip upon the floor he stumbled over and threw himself against the girl. She was up in a rage at once, and addressed to Moore certain epithets more forcible than polite. He rejoined with equal warmth, and when Lillie's spirit was fairly aroused he slapped her in the face. At this the woman burst away from him, flung a chair between them, and then, as Moore followed her, she stooped, slipped off her shoes, and fell to laboring him about the head with it. He returned the blows with a will, but was soon engaged by one of the males of the party. They were all on their feet now, swearing, threatening and pummeling one another. Chairs were upset, glasses were smashed, and in a moment there was a regular "free fight."

Robert Robinson, the bartender, at this burst into the mixer ordered all hands out and swore that he would fix them there and then. They did not heed him. Robinson stepped behind the bar, and, catching up his revolver, discharged it into the struggling group. They turned upon him, but he kept pulling the trigger and sending ball after ball at them. Hannon let go his hold of an adversary as a bullet struck his finger, and Burke stumbled aside with a ball in his thigh. "Mollie" Moore had escaped the first discharge, but as he sprang forward he brought his body full in front of Robinson. Again the weapon flashed and the bullet was driven through Moore's breast just above the heart.

"My God! I'm shot!" he cried, throwing up his hands, and then fell to the floor senseless. There was a general scramble for the door, but at that moment it was flung open and Detective Chrystal appeared. The prostrate Moore, the bleeding Burke and Hannon and the bartender standing in the pistol smoke with the weapon in his hand revealed the situation at once. The detective fastened the door behind him and came in.

"Hold up!" yelled Robinson, leveling his revolver at the new comer; "get out of here or I'll put a bullet in you, too."

Chrystal's six-shooter was in his hand in a twinkling. "Put that pistol down or I'll blow your head off," he shouted in return, and levelled at the body of his threatener.

Robinson hesitated; but the detective was in down-right earnest, and the bartender's pistol quickly came to the counter.

"Not a soul of you'll leave this place," said Chrystal, taking up his position at the door, weapon in hand. The cowed onlookers, who had sought a hasty departure, drew back, and in a few minutes a batch of officers the detective had sent for came swarming into the saloon. Moore was taken up and carried to the station house, where an ambulance was sent for. Burke and Hannon had their wounds dressed there, and Robinson was taken below. At the Chambers Street Hospital, whither the wounded man was conveyed, the house surgeon made an examination of his injuries and pronounced them to be of an extremely serious character. The bullet barely missed the heart, and as it passed through a region so vital it was feared Moore might not recover.

On Sunday morning the prisoner Robinson and such of the inmates of the saloon as had been put under arrest were arraigned in the Essex Market police court. There an inquiry was made into the case and the bartender was committed to await the result of his victim's injuries. Burke and Hannon, with another man who was present during the scuffle, were held as witnesses.

A man, who gave his name as Christopher McMahon and his residence 87 Baxter street, on Sunday afternoon entered the Chambers Street Hospital and asked for treatment. An examination developed the fact that his collar bone was broken, and, in addition, he had a severe contusion of one of his knees. Being asked by the surgeon he admitted that he was in the fight at 33 Bowery, and stated that while he was not a party to the fracas the wounds were inflicted by an officer, who clubbed him. His wounds were dressed and he left promising to call daily for treatment.

## A SANQUINARY SENSATION.

How a Pious Ohio Farmer put a Literal Interpretation on the Old Testament by Slaying his Daughter

## FOR ALLEGED ADULTERY.

(With Illustration.)

NEWARK, Ohio, April 15.—The case of the State vs. Alfred Jones, charged with murdering his daughter, Susanna Jones, on the 15th of last December, was called this afternoon, Judge S. M. Hamer on the bench. A. B. Barrick, Prosecuting Attorney, assisted by C. H. Kimbler, appeared for the State, and Gibson Atherton and J. D. Jones for the defense. The special venire of forty-eight was exhausted, and a large number of bystanders called without obtaining a jury. Another special venire of thirty-six was ordered, and the Court adjourned until Tuesday morning.

Since Cain slew his brother Abel man has shed blood from every conceivable motive. Murder has been committed for gain, for revenge, for jealousy, for state policy, in passion, for pure wantonness. But all the blood-stained annals of crime present few cases of the taking of human life so horrible in detail, so unaccountable and so thrillingly interesting to the student of psychology and jurisprudence, as the deed for which an old man of over seventy is to-day put on trial for his life! The history of this remarkable case is about as follows:

Thursday evening, December 13, 1877, between six and seven o'clock, the sheriff of Licking county, Mr. Schofield, was seated in his office, chatting with a couple of jurymen and enjoying his evening cigar and that peace of conscience that all good sheriffs are wont to enjoy. Outside was a dark, cold, stormy winter night. Inside was light and warmth and cheer. In the midst of some trifling jest, a short, sharp rap was heard at the door. "Come in," said the sheriff, in his business tone. At the command the door slowly and cautiously opened, and a singular object presented itself to the gaze of the astonished trio. It was an old man, evidently from the country, tall and spare, a little bowed with age, with sharp, keen features, an intelligent face, and clad in his "best" felt hat, boots and pantaloons, and a new blue army overcoat. He carried a paper stack of crackers in his left hand, one of which he was munching as he entered. Looking at Mr. Schofield, the old man said:

"Are you the Sheriff?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "what is wanted?"

"I've come

"TO DELIVER MYSELF UP TO YOU."

"Why, what have you been doing?" asked the sheriff, half-jocularly, thinking that the old man was either not right or had been drinking.

"I've had trouble with my housekeeper, down home."

"Who was your housekeeper?"

"My daughter."

"Well, what was the trouble?"

"Oh! I've committed a terrible deed!"

"What have you done?" said the sheriff, still half-jest; "have you killed anyone?"

The old man hesitated a moment, gazed cautiously around, and then answered in a half-whisper:

"I am afraid that perhaps I have."

"What in the world made you do such a thing as that?" asked the sheriff, now becoming startled, but not yet believing that the old man's story was really true.

"Well, I've had lots of trouble; I am an old man, and I couldn't stand it any longer. Do you know anything about Martin Luther?"

The sheriff acknowledged that he had heard of that gentleman.

"Well, he's the cause of all this trouble."

"But what made you kill her?"

"Because she was bad, and hadn't ought to live any longer."

"Bad, how? What do you mean?"

"Oh, you know. With men."

"Was there any blood in this business?" asked the sheriff, noticing the old man's neat appearance, and still not believing his statements.

"Blood! I should think there was!" was the answer; "but I've washed since that, and changed all my clothes except my boots and undershirt."

"Are you drunk or crazy?" said the sheriff, beginning to think from the man's earnestness and persistence that there might be something in his story.

"Neither," he replied. "I've had two horns to-day, but I'm not drunk. I'm a Virginian, and it's Virginia grit when a man has broken a law to give himself up and suffer the penalty."

"Well, sir," said the sheriff, more seriously, "if what you say is true, I shall be

"OBLIGED TO PUT YOU UNDER ARREST."

"Certainly, certainly," said the old man in a matter-of-fact tone; "that is what I came in for."

He then told the sheriff that his name was Alfred Jones; that he lived about two and a half miles northwest of Linville, in Licking county; that he was seventy-two years old, and had killed his daughter, Susanna Jones, that afternoon, about 1 o'clock, and had since walked into Newark, twelve miles, to deliver himself up. He had been to the jail first, and, not finding him there, came to his office.

The prisoner at first objected to being searched, but when told that the law required it, and that a receipt would be given him for all valuables, reluctantly yielded. Besides some trifling articles, \$335 in money and about \$2,100 in notes were found upon him. The money was curiously divided into several parcels. One of the parcels contained \$10 in one-dollar bills, each bill folded separately three times, and then all the bills piled together. As the sheriff proceeded to count and mix the different piles, the old man stooped and endeavored to cover the piles with his hands.

On the way to the jail with the prisoner the sheriff again asked a question which he had asked in vain several times before, and which the old man seemed particularly averse to answering.

"What did you kill her with?" said the sheriff.

"You know as well tell me all about it, for I'll find it out anyhow."

Looking all around, to see that no one else heard, and placing his mouth close to the sheriff's ear, the old man shrilly whispered:

"I killed her with a hatchet."

The sheriff looked the prisoner in a cell, went up-town and summoned a coroner's jury, none of whom, however, believed the story, but regarded it as the emanation of a drunken or disordered brain.

On returning to the jail the sheriff went to the cell and said, "Jones, where is that woman now?"

Taking the points of the commission in his cell he pointed his finger in a certain direction and said:

"You'll find her body in the lot, about sixty yards southeast of the house."

"Well, Jones," said the sheriff, "I believe I'll go out there and see if you've told the truth

about this, for if you have she may not be dead yet."

"I wish you would go, sheriff," said Jones, "but you'll find that she's dead. I know she's dead, because I went back to her and I struck her, and pulled her legs straight and

DRAWED HER CLOTHING DOWN.

She's dead, and you'll find everything just as I told you."

Then Jones told the sheriff where he had hidden the hood his victim had on when he killed her, and also the bloody clothing he had worn, and the murderous hatchet, as well as gave other directions with the utmost minuteness.

After a long, circuitous ride of twelve miles over endless ranges of hills, through the dark and stormy winter night, the sheriff, with the coroner's jury, arrived at the place where Jones had told him they would be obliged to hitch their horses and proceed the rest of the way on foot, the road ending in the barn-yard of Mr. Solomon Swinehart, Jones' nearest neighbor, whose house is distant about 450 yards northwest from the scene of the tragedy. Waking Mr. Swinehart, the party took lanterns in hand and proceeded to cautiously pick their way "cross lots," up one ravine and down another. Even then all but the sheriff seemed to think they had gone on a fool's errand. All was still as death; not a star was visible, and in solemn silence they moved in their dreadful quest.

The Jones house was at last reached—a low, old-fashioned log and frame structure, with a porch running the whole length of the east side and a large stone chimney on the front or south side. The house was situated in a gloomy, business-like depression, the ground sloping away to the rear and gradually rising in the front to an elevation of perhaps twenty-five or thirty feet.

It was now about 1 o'clock in the morning. The house was dark and still; no signs of life were visible. Stepping upon the porch, the sheriff knocked loudly. No response. Another knock. Only a hollow echo answered. "Gentlemen," said the sheriff, turning to the jury with a pale face. "Gentlemen, it is true. Then, beginning at the front of the house, he slowly paced off some sixty yards up the slope in a northerly direction, when, horror of horrors! a sight met the gaze of the party so ghastly that it will never be effaced while memory lasts.

There, prone upon the frozen ground, her white, rigid face gleaming in the flickering light with glaring eyes and limbs distorted in the last agony, lay the dead body of a woman, still warm, with the top and back part of her head beaten to a pulp by the cruel weapon of death, and her brains and blood spattering her clothing and

SOAKING THE WARD LANTERN.

It was Susanna Jones, the only daughter of the old man who had voluntarily given himself up to the sheriff as her slayer.

Tenderly and reverently carrying the poor, battered corpse into the little home upon which such an awful shadow had fallen, and whose every appointment and exquisite neatness spoke of her womanly qualities, the jury were sworn and returned a verdict in accordance with the facts as above detailed.

In subsequent interviews with the sheriff, from time to time, Jones has made substantially the following statements in regard to his terrible act and the causes that led thereto, as well as its immediate occasion. He says that the trouble between him and his daughter first began when she joined the Lutheran Church, to which step he was bitterly opposed, as well as to her subsequent attendance thereat. That afterward he had reason to believe she was unchaste, particularly with married men; that he had read the Scriptures three times, and they declared that whoever committed adultery should be put to death. It was his duty to kill her. Besides, he was obliged to do it to prevent a separation between him and his wife. "And that, you know," he added, "is the worst thing in the world!"

The logic of the deed, according to his statements, is about this: "It is right for any one to put an adulteress to death; she was an adulteress; hence, the bloody conclusion."

On the morning of the fatal 13th of December, Jones says, he walked over to Brownsville. Returning home, he took dinner as usual. About one o'clock in the afternoon, as he was seated with folded arms in his chair, half-dozing, he heard a pair of squeaking shoes on the porch. He had heard that sound before, and knew what it meant. Getting up from his chair, he went to the porch and saw some one disappearing in the ravine in the back corner of the place, where the spring-house stood. Presently he saw his daughter coming back up the hill, carrying three large, flat stones in her hands, which she was going to throw down in a boggy place for stepping-stones. He helped her carry one up and place it in position near the north end of the porch. Then, suddenly turning to her, he said, "You had a man over there?"

"Father," she answered, "You accuse me wrong."

These were the last words she ever spoke. He picked up a hatchet which was lying fatally near and struck her with the back of it on the side of the head. She threw up her arms, partly warding off the blow, and a hood which she had loosely on her head also softened its effect. She then turned and ran with all her speed (as will be seen by diagram) between the smoke-house and corn-crib, in a south-easterly direction, toward the gate that led to her most intimate neighbor's, screaming "murder!" at the top of her voice. He threw off his coat and

PURSUED HER, HATCHET IN HAND.

About half way between the house and the goal for which she was making her overlook her. She turned at bay and grappled with him, grasping the terrible hatchet with both hands. An awful struggle for life ensued. At one time, he says, she almost got the hatchet away from him. But at last he succeeded in throwing her down, and, placing his knee on her right arm, he wrested the deadly weapon from her. Then he struck her blow on the back of the head with the pole of the hatchet, after which, he says, "he lay still;" then several more blows, beating her to a pulp in which it was found.

Leaving her body lying there, after arranging the clothing, &c., he went to the house, washed the blood off his hands and face, hid his bloody clothes in a barrel in the garret, hid the hood, dined with the hatchet blow and bloody inside, in an ash-bin, and flung the bloody hatchet, to which the hair from the head of the victim, was sticking, through a hole in the north foundation wall under the house. Then he put on fresh clothes, put every thing to rights, and took a cold lunch, after which he started for Newark to give himself up. He was seen passing through Linville, distant about nine miles from Newark, about four o'clock that afternoon, by one Peter Lawrence and others. But there was nothing unusual in his appearance, and as he had always walked to town it excited no surprise. Arriving at Newark, he purchased the overcoat and crackers and then gave himself up, as before related.

On last Sunday afternoon a correspondent,

through the courtesy of Sheriff Schofield, had an interview with the aged prisoner at the county jail. As the old man stepped out from his dark cell into the bright sunlight his form tottered and he had to shade his eyes from the unwonted light. There was nothing in his appearance to indicate the awful crime with which he was charged. He looked like an ordinary farmer, of more than ordinary intelligence and a very decided character. A man of perhaps somewhat narrow views, but very "set" in them. A close dealer, wanting his own to the last penny, but not disposed to trespass upon others. He seemed to be in good spirits and conversed freely, but it was evident to a close observer that he was feeling more deeply than he was willing to acknowledge and was keeping his feelings down by a wonderful exercise of will-power.

In the course of the conversation he said that he didn't want to be examined by the doctor in regard to his sanity. That, at any rate, he would rather be hung than go to the "pen," as he called the penitentiary. He was old, and couldn't stand the hardships there. His voice faltered as he spoke of his age and weakness. He couldn't expect to stay in this world much longer, anyhow, and the suffering from

MANAGING WAS SOON OVER.

In reply to a question, he said that he thought of his terrible situation all the time, more than people supposed; it was his constant study day and night. But he didn't think he had done wrong in putting his daughter to death. It was his duty to kill her. At another time he said the whole thing was the result of a plot, got up by five persons against him. A strikingly suggestive feature of the interview was the account which he gave of being present at the Shoemaker execution, which took place at Zanesville some thirty odd years ago. Such a crowd, he said, he never saw in his life; some drinking, some swearing, some dancing. He got upon a fence, not far from the gallows, but couldn't stand the sight and had to get down. Drawing closer, in low whisper he said between his teeth: "I can just hear the rope sing now!"

Hundreds, and perhaps thousands, have visited the Jones farm since the dreadful night of the 13th of December.

It was hard to realize as one stood upon that grass-grown slope, dotted with violets, and saw the budding trees, with the song of birds filling the air, and over all the bright blue sky, that such a peaceful spot had ever been the theatre of so dark and dismal a tragedy. Yet, down there in the lowest corner of the industrial and deserted spring house, yet tidy and neat, from which the slain girl emerged that fatal afternoon to perform the last of the thousand little womanly offices with which she had filled her life, and to receive her death blow from her father's hand! And there was the point where the attack was made and where the terrible race for life was begun. And here where we stand, half-way between the house and the gate toward which she fled, two large stakes driven into the ground mark the spot where she was overtaken and slain, and where her mangled body was found. We could almost see the dreadful scene again,



## BAGGERED BEECHER.

Plymouth Church Experiences  
Another Throe of the Great  
Moral Earthquake.

## MRS. TILTON TELLS AGAIN.

This Time she Swears it is so, for she  
Cannot Tell a Lie, and she did it—  
with her Little Hatchet.

## THE BIGGEST CACKLE ON RECORD.

[With Illustration and Portrait.]  
A quiet, man of thirty-five, walked into the newspaper office of this city, on Monday afternoon, 15th inst., with a slip of paper in his hand, on which was printed the following:

"Mr. Ira B. Wheeler.  
"MY DEAR SIR: A few weeks since, after long months of mental anguish, I told, as you know, a few friends, whom I had bitterly deceived, that the charge brought by my husband of adultery between myself and the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was true, and that the lie I had lived so well the last four years had become intolerable to me. That statement I now solemnly reaffirm, and leave the truth with God, to whom also I commit myself, my children and all who must suffer. I know full well the explanations that will be sought by many for this acknowledgment—a desire to return to my husband, insanity, malice, everything save the true and only one; my quickened conscience and the sense of what is due to the cause of truth and justice. During all the complications of these years you have been my confidential friend, and, therefore, I address this letter to you, authorizing and requesting you to secure its publication."  
"ELIZABETH R. TILTON.

"BROOKLYN, April 13, 1878.  
The bearer was Mr. Wheeler himself, and he modestly said that he had been asked by Mrs. Tilton to give it to the newspapers. He was closely quizzed and he said that he had been a friend and adviser of Mrs. Tilton, having known her from childhood. He is a New York lawyer, and a resident of Elizabeth, N. J. Since her separation from Theodore he has acted professionally as her counsel. Being asked about the confession, he said that she freely made it, unknown either to her husband or to Mr. Beecher. He believed it was a sincere one, and that it was made from no other motive than the one given therein. Her conscience was troubling her, and it was a matter between her and her God to confess her sin as publicly.

AS SHE HAD DENIED IT.  
Being asked whether she had made the same confession to him, Mr. Wheeler answered that she had and to other persons also. Mr. Wheeler was manifestly sincere in what he said, and he convinced all with whom he spoke that the confession was genuine. The news fell like a thunderbolt on the Beecher party, although they one and all said they had been expecting it. Mr. S. V. White, treasurer of Plymouth Church, said that he did not doubt Mrs. Tilton had written it. The air had been full of it of late, and after it had become certain that Tilton and wife were to come together again the Beecher party were prepared for anything. The confession was doubtless the price of reconciliation. He did not know who L. B. Wheeler was, but he did know that of late threats to blackmail Mr. Beecher had been made. If money was not given the persons said there would be further scandal developments. Much of the newspaper talk on the subject of the reunion of the Tiltons was preparatory to the confession. Thomas G. Shearman said that he knew of the confession coming, and he believed it was genuine, but it was part and parcel of the bargain by which Tilton and wife are to live together again. He referred to the affidavit made by Mrs. Tilton, in which she explicitly denied her guilt, and said that her latest confession was inconsistent with them. Others of the Beecher flock went further. They said that the woman is insane; that she is a liar and not to be believed. They reiterated that it is a blackmailing operation, and said that no attention would be paid to it. Reminded that Mrs. Tilton is yet a member of Plymouth Church in good and regular standing, they said that she would have to be expelled for lying.

As the evening progressed the excitement grew very great on Brooklyn Heights. Troops of reporters

HURRIED TO BEECHER'S HOUSE.  
They were politely received. Mr. Beecher was not at home. They were told he was off lecturing, but his family could not tell where, other than it was somewhere up the line of the Erie railroad. Every member of the family asked said that they did not know where he was. When asked whether it was a practice for him to go off without saying where he was going, they answered that it was not. This was the first time he had done such a thing. Judge McCue, one of the justices of the Brooklyn city court, said: "Mrs. Tilton made an affidavit before me in my private office, in which she called Almighty God to witness her innocence, and then she assured me privately that the charges against her were the result of one of the basest and most malicious conspiracies ever known. She was emphatic in every denial. Well, those who believe in Mr. Beecher's guilt will be more than ever convinced, and those who believe in his innocence will adhere to their belief more zealously, and the whole unavailing scandal will be poured out upon the community again."

Mr. Augustus Storrs, one of the investigating committee, said that he had not heard of a confession, although he had been told that there might be one. "Mrs. Morse," he said, "is a familiar person to the public. Her actions in that period when she went hither and thither denouncing Mr. Beecher and telling of her daughter's sin proved to her friends that she was out of her mind. Ex-Judge Nathan B. Morse, her husband, told me that she was not only unpleasant to be with, but unsafe. Now it would be very strange if Elizabeth Tilton hadn't something of her mother in her. I must say that from all I have heard I think that Mrs. Tilton is crazy. Certainly the spells which we have seen her in go to prove it. The confession may be authentic, but

WHO WILL BELIEVE IT?  
A lie thrice told will have no effect."

The news spread with wonderful speed, and it seemed to plunge the stately Columbia Heights into the same fever which raged so long in the summer of 1874, when every day brought a new surprise. Those who moved in the inner circle of Plymouth Church were prepared for the shock. The indications of the coming storm had appeared in many places, and faint intimations, albeit that they were speedily repressed, cropped out in the newspaper columns. Every time the story was told that all the plans for putting the scandal to sleep were to be upset by Mrs. Tilton, an adroit answer was ready to de-

stroy its strength. The wily Mr. Shearman had the fact that Mrs. Tilton was to turn on Mr. Beecher long before any one else, and he caused the rumors of a confession to be printed and then denied them so as to lull suspicion. All that could be done was done to avert the disaster of a confession. The threat of war seems first to have come from Mrs. Morse, Mrs. Tilton's mother. A gentleman possessed of all the facts said that early in the winter Mrs. Morse had visited Mr. Beecher and told him that Elizabeth had to be taken care of, and that if she was not liberally supported there would be trouble. Mr. Beecher consulted with some of his friends, and they agreed that it would not do for him to be known as the supporter of Mrs. Tilton after all the scandal, and they advised him not to pay her any money. Mrs. Morse renewed her demand, and, it is said, accompanied it with strong and abusive language, and wrote several pointed notes to Mr. Beecher, but without any effect. Mrs. Tilton was induced to start a school in Henry street under the promise of a liberal support from

THE FAMILIES OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH.  
She found, however, that she was not only not to be liberally supported, but that persons from whom she expected favor expressed the opinion that after her course she was not a fit person to instruct children. This stung her to desperation, and she threw up her school. She complained of her harsh treatment by Mr. Beecher and his friends, after, as she said, they had used her for all their purposes, and she blamed herself for deserting her husband, who had been magnanimous to forgive her sin and to promise her protection. She wrote a letter to Mrs. Raymond, the wife of Professor Bowdler W. Raymond, which the reporter's informant said had been seen and read by several persons in Plymouth Church. He understood that she had written a similar letter, saying that she was no longer going to live in a lie, to Mrs. Anna Field, who accompanied her daily to the trial of the Tilton-Beecher suit.

Women from Plymouth Church made frequent visits to her, and reported a growing change in her disposition toward Mr. Beecher. To one she said: "What viciousness all this trouble has brought out, to be sure; nearly every form of crime." A lady member of the Plymouth Church who has maintained friendly relations with Mrs. Tilton and her mother, Mrs. Morse, called on Mrs. Tilton, being, as she says, unable to sleep until she knew the truth or falsity of the alleged confession. Mrs. Tilton opened the door for her. The hair above her forehead had blanched to whiteness and she seemed to have grown ten years older within the last few weeks. The feelings of the visitor were so intense that she walked directly past Mrs. Tilton into the parlor without uttering a word. When Mrs. Tilton had entered the lady asked her, while both were yet standing:

"Libby, what is all this trouble about?"  
"There has been trouble enough, but what do you mean?" was the reply.  
"Did you write the statement that purports to be your confession of guilt, and that has been sent to the newspapers for publication?"  
"I did," replied Mrs. Tilton, firmly.

"AND EVERY WORD OF IT IS TRUE."  
"How could you," continued the visitor, "sit for all this time purporting yourself every day?"  
"I don't know how I could do it," replied Mrs. Tilton, "but I did."

"Did your daughters know what you now say is the truth before they went to Europe?"  
"Yes, they did."

Mrs. Tilton was almost broken down. She displayed wonderful courage in maintaining the rightfulness of her new attitude toward Mr. Beecher, but she was in a state of great nervous excitement.

"Has Mr. Tilton been supporting his children?" asked the visitor of Mrs. Morse.

"Sumptuously," replied that lady.

"Has he seen Mrs. Tilton lately?"  
"He has had two interviews with her after his last return from lecturing, but he is now off lecturing again—thousands of miles away."

Mr. Beecher was out of the city to-night when Mrs. Tilton's letter was made public, and his whereabouts was not known save to a few friends. The Tribune telegraphed him a copy of the letter at a late hour, and received the following letter in reply:

"WABVLY, N. Y., April 15, 1878.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE:

"I confront Mrs. Tilton's confession with an explicit and absolute denial. The testimony to her own innocence and mine, which for four years she has made to hundreds in private and public, before the court, in writing and orally, I declare to be true. And the allegations now made in contradiction of her uniform, solemn and unvarying statements hitherto made, I utterly deny. I declare her to be innocent of the great transgression. HENRY WARD BEECHER."

In conversation with a reporter in that town, he made the following statement: "Mrs. Tilton was examined repeatedly by my counsel, and plied with the most searching questions, and by her consistent and explicit testimony satisfied them all of her innocence and won their esteem. When the Council of 1876 was called, several interviews were arranged between her

and eminent gentlemen, both of the clergy and of the law. In every case she satisfied them of her absolute innocence.

Subsequently to that, at an interview arranged for the purpose of giving prominence to her declarations and from her testimony, which was taken down by a shorthand writer, and which I believe to be still in existence although I have never seen it, she elaborately and in detail reaffirmed her innocence and mine. These are the most prominent instances of her uniform testimony. It should be borne in mind that she first charged me with this offense to her husband. Upon my visiting her she withdrew it in writing. She subsequently renewed the charge. She then again and indignantly denied it, and left her husband's house, and for four years has continued, in every conceivable form and under the most solemn circumstances, to deny it, until now, when once again, for the third time, she re-

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## A NEW NIAAGARA.

The Frightful Scandal of which  
Detroit has the Honor of Being  
the Place of Incubation.

## BIGGER THAN BEECHER.

An Old and Reverend Episcopal  
Bishop Charged with Seduction,  
Lechery and Debauchery.

## HE STEPS DOWN AND OUT.

(With Illustration and Portrait.)

Some weeks since the GAZETTE received from a correspondent in Detroit the details of a terrible scandal involving a high church dignitary and a young married lady of first-class social standing in that city. The names of the parties and full details were given, but the accusations were so startling and the scandalous revelations were so certain to create, if given publicity, of so overwhelming a character that we deemed it advisable to publish the matter without a thorough investigation of it. This revealed the fact that desperate attempts were being made to keep it out of the newspapers, but that it was, nevertheless, gradually finding its way to the light of day and that there was, moreover, a well-grounded belief in the truth of the charges. Meanwhile the following outlines of the scandal appeared in the Graphic, in which, however, all names were omitted.

DETROIT, April 12.—There is the very scandal of all scandals afoot here, and one which, while it is in the mouths of a hundred people, has been, from a number of reasons, kept out of public print. It may, however, become public any morning, and when it does the Beecher scandal will not hold a candle to it, or, as I heard a gentleman remark yesterday, "It will knock the Beecher scandal higher than a kite." For several days a newspaper, in one respect, at least, well known, has had over three columns of matter in type, which its editor has been induced, temporarily, not to publish, but which, from my own knowledge, contains matter of a much more startling character than has ever been connected with any scandal which has become a matter of litigation in this country. The parties to it occupy

SOMEWHAT ANOMALOUS POSITIONS. One is a divine, than whom none occupies a higher position in his own church, or, for that matter, in any church in the West.

The facts which I give to the Graphic alone are within my own personal knowledge, and the proofs are in such safe keeping that they will never come to light except in connection with some legal agent. At the same time these proofs have been seen by a dozen or more persons, and their entire accuracy has been acknowledged by both the parties implicated. The other party is a young lady of heretofore irreproachable character and now married to a young gentleman actively engaged in business, and who knows nothing whatever of the previous connection or his now wife with the disgraced life which cannot escape exposure after what is at present known here and in Chicago. The relations between the young lady and the clergyman alluded to extended over the entire years of 1874-75, and are fully shown by his own letters. Most of these are of such a character as to render them utterly unfit for publication, not only in any respectable paper, but in any paper whatever. Published they would scarcely be believed. But they have been seen by a number of persons, one or two of whom own papers and might have published them had they not refused on the ground of public morals and public decency. The case could scarcely be worse than it is. This dignity of the church not only did all and more than all that is charged against him, but went to the extreme of arranging himself the

## SUBSEQUENT MARRIAGE OF THE WOMAN.

One half of the correspondence, that of the clergyman alluded to, however, fell into the hands of a gentleman who had once been her lover, and who, as much on her account as any other, with the added impetus of fear for his own self-preservation, made its contents known to a number of friends and then placed the papers in the vault of a bank in this city, whence they will not be taken except upon a legal process. It is doubtful if they now ever see the light, except through those to whom this old lover has shown them, since the matter has been brought directly to the doors of the church of which this clergyman is a member. A committee of three of its members traveled several hundred miles to determine officially whether the charges based upon the letters were true or not. They saw the letters and were convinced of the clergyman's guilt. They returned and confronted him with the evidence. The woman, who, throughout, had been with him *particeps criminis*, had, however, informed him that his letters, which had been sent to her from New York and many other places to which ecclesiastical business had taken him from time to time, had been destroyed. When he saw the proofs of his own guilt, presented to him by members of his own church, and found that he had been deceived by her, he begged for mercy and acknowledged the whole truth. An agreement was entered into, out of mercy to him and her, and the friends of both, that he should resign his office and proceed to Europe. On condition, alone, that he should remain abroad was

## THEIR MUTUAL SECRET TO BE KEPT.

To this he agreed. In the meantime all the facts, with most of the proofs, has become known to the newspaper men here, and it had become, apparently, impossible to keep the matter from the public. The gentleman who had forced an acknowledgment from him were influential enough to secure a promise from the two or three persons to which all the details were known that no publication of it should be made until he should have had sufficient time to sail for Europe. The time granted to him for this purpose will have expired in less than two weeks, and then the matter, which I have already stated was in type, will appear without delay. The editor of the paper to which I alluded in the first place, said, editorially, almost a week ago that satisfactory reasons had been given it for temporarily withholding facts which it had, with proofs, in its possession, and which, when published, would make almost the world tremble. It had no desire "to blast the life of a young family and hasten to the grave that portion of it which has passed its prime, which, in fact, now stands tottering with one foot in the grave. We have not the heart, though we first thought we had, to bring to light a scandal which carries with it so deep and grave a meaning. Our only reasons for not publishing the scandal are those of humanity. We hold the destiny of thousands of people in our power and will not use it."

The matter has, however, gone too far to be much longer kept out of sight, and when you

know who the implicated parties are you will not wonder at my statement that it is a scandal, the worst and the most to be regretted that has occurred in

## OUR SCANDAL-LADEN COUNTRY.

At last, however, the long threatening cloud has burst and the result is another moral Niagara, which promises to rival in its proportions the memorable one that flooded the country such a short time since. In its issue of the 17th the Chicago

publishes the following: April 16.—Detroit has a sensation. The Beecher-Tilton affair in that the p. is equally as prominent in the ch. r. pressing in the overwhelming evidence, notwithstanding the last confession of Mrs. Tilton. The hero is none other than Samuel Allan McCookrey, for more than forty years bishop of the diocese of Michigan, but who has recently resigned in consequence of the publicity of the facts about to be narrated, and will shortly sail for Europe where he hopes to escape the avenging nemesis of public opinion. The plain facts are apparently that the Bishop has been for many years "Fasht wi fleshy lust," and has been decidedly promiscuous in giving vent to his inclinations. During all these years stories have now and then been whispered abroad, but have been suppressed by the good brethren of the Episcopal faith here, who have had to take a supervisory interest in his affairs in more ways than one. Recently, however, one came to their knowledge in so startling a form that it was

IMPOSSIBLE TO SUPPRESS IT. The result is a vacant bishopric, a wandering ex-bishop, a terrified family, an Episcopal community trembling lest the cloud should burst, and a worldly crowd praying in a sinful way that the scandal may be precipitated. A few months ago a prominent vestryman overheard two men talking in an adjoining room about Bishop McCookrey and heard enough to satisfy him that something was wrong.

He entered the room and after some little parley was taken into their confidence. They showed him a number of letters evidently written by the Bishop to a Miss Fannie Richards, a young girl of this city, wherein were expressions that rendered it obvious that he had been and was on

Being in the melting mood he swore by his mire that he had never laid hands on a woman except in kindness, but in the very profuseness of his profession of innocence he frequently gave himself away to the determined men who had summoned him to undergo

## THIS TRYING ORDEAL.

While he did not admit that he was the author of these anonymous letters, he said he had no recollection of having written them; that he certainly should remember them if he had written them, and all that sort of talk.

Two or three interviews transpired between these gentlemen and the Bishop before they finally determined upon their course. Being thoroughly convinced of the Bishop's guilt they at length placed the letters in the hands of the standing committee of the diocese, composed of Governor Henry P. Baldwin, Hon. Charles P. Trowbridge, and Judge James V. Campbell, lately; and Rev. John A. Wilson, of St. Luke's Church, Ypsilanti; Rev. Dr. George Worthington, of St. John's Church, Detroit; Rev. Dr. Edward Harris, of Christ Church, Detroit, and Rev. Willis Hall, of St. Ann's Church, Ann Arbor. These gentlemen were dumbfounded at first, and refused to believe the evidence of their senses. It must be some horrible nightmare.



REV. SAM'L A. MCCOOKREY, LATE BISHOP OF MICHIGAN.

McCookrey's career in this country unless perhaps he should, after finding himself fully exposed, with that bull-dog pertinacity for which he is noted, determine to stay and stand trial. "In that event," said a gentleman intimately acquainted with him, "his personal presence is so commanding that he would be likely to overpower any ordinary jury, and by main strength and awkwardness, secure a verdict of acquittal." Another chapter in this singular drama is that which records the career of the girl Fannie Richards. She is a petite brunette, now scarcely more than twenty years of age, and is something of a rattlehead, although with a decided predisposition to beauty. At the time that this story opens, less than four years ago, she was a school-girl, living with her mother. The Bishop, as it is said, was attracted by her sprightly ways and employed her to act as his amanuensis. It

accepted the terms, and about a month ago the remaining three from New York, in the latter part of 1874, when the Bishop was there attending in his official capacity.

The drop letter, which bears the Bishop's signature and which he admitted on sight to be genuine, alludes to his disappointment in Fannie's not keeping her engagement to meet him in his study at the appointed hour, chides her for her dereliction of duty, appoints another meeting at half-past two o'clock on that same day, and closes by assuring her that he is pleased to learn of her improved health and says he knew he could cure her as he had promised to do. The letter from Mount Clemens acknowledges the receipt of her very sweet letter, tells how anxious he is for the time to come when he can return, urges her to write and tell him her inmost feelings of mind and body, tells her that her kindly offer of

HALF THE BED AND ALL THE COVER; she knows he will accept, cautions her to write at once, directing to Saginaw City, and is freighted with a world of love and any number of dashes, which are intended to represent kisses. He concludes by being hers "very affectionately and trusting that she will burn this letter" as well as all others. The signature to this, as to the remainder, is a sort of a quirlig, resembling the letter "H."

The first letter from New York is dated October 8. He acknowledges the receipt of her very sweet letter, and says her words are very sweet to him, as he knows this will be to her. He says he has experienced such feelings on the receipt of her message, both of mind and body, as he had never experienced before. He wishes he could see her just then, and see her all "undiscovered." He thinks of her night and day. He imagines he sees her at the piano, playing such sweet music, and thinks how happy he ought to be. He also thinks how much they have confided in each other. He has given her all and she has given him all. They must not deceive each other. Their whole hopes depend on this. She must write again immediately, as her letters are so sweet to him and their love is so great for

that the pathetic Bishop had become jealous of his printer rival, and desired Fanny to inform him in as delicate a way as possible that she no longer desired to encourage his attentions. The girl did as she was bidden, but immediately thereafter hastened to inform McCookrey of the ruse and to

## MANY HERSELF SOLID WITH HIM.

Another letter was one written to McCookrey by the Bishop, evidently in answer to a solicitation, in which the Bishop promised to use all of his influence to secure the printer a good situation and manifested a lively interest in his temporal welfare. McCookrey, although reputed to be an honest, straightforward man, was in humble life. This evident intimacy on the part of the distinguished Bishop would alone give cause for suspicion that it cloaked something deeper. Throughout all these letters there are expressions peculiar to the Bishop, such as "sweet pleasure" and the like, which would establish the identity of the documents, it is said, among those familiar with him, even were they not all written in that peculiar chirography which is unmistakably his. Suffice it to say that there is not the least doubt in the minds of any member of the standing committee as to McCookrey's guilt.

Right Reverend Samuel Allan McCookrey, D. D., D. C. L., for such are his titles, was born in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in 1804, graduated in Dickinson College, in that town, and afterward at West Point Military Academy, with high rank. Shortly after leaving the latter institution, he studied and practiced for a time, only to renounce it in turn for the church. He was ordained a deacon in 1828, and was afterwards rector of St. Paul's, one of the leading Episcopal churches of Philadelphia. In 1838, he was elected Bishop of the new diocese of Michigan, being the first incumbent. He came to Detroit, where he has resided ever since, and has exercised the functions of his office for forty-two years. Next to Bishop Smith, of Kentucky, he was the senior Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church in the United States.

He is seventy-four years of age, very tall and very portly, weighing nearly if not quite three hundred pounds. He has always been a good liver and a man of the world, in the sense that he would rather tell or listen to a good story than to discuss saintly topics, and could bear a hand at emptying a bottle or cracking a joke. He was, although jovial and jocular, exceedingly sticklish as to the prerogatives of his office, and was quick to take affront when his dignity was called in question. He never seemed to have any idea of the value of money, and although his pay was ample he was everlastingly running in debt, and time and again has the church contributed thousands of dollars to help him out of trouble. The more charitable attributed this to his benevolence, while the knowing ones were confident that

## WOMEN WERE AT THE BOTTOM OF IT.

He was proverbially broke, and although he is said to have ordered goods such as pianos, carpets, boots and clothing, etc., with the utmost prodigality, for various women, to be charged to him, he has seldom been known to pay a bill. The city is literally alive with rumors of lascivious happenings between the Bishop and divers women, most of the scenes being located in the Bishop's study, where he is said to have provided himself with peculiar facilities. A certain collector tells of having caught him with a woman on his lap, when he went to collect a bill for carpets. Some of these stories, equally as well authenticated as that on which the committee based their demand for his resignation, date back more than a quarter of a century. A determined effort has been made here to keep the expose out of the papers, and it has been so far successful that not one of the leading papers dare touch it.

It has been charged that money has been freely used, and at a late hour to-night your correspondent was informed by the proprietor of a whisky paper, which proposes to publish some of the facts shortly, that he had been offered \$2,500 within an hour to suppress it. The leading members of the church, however, are now satisfied that the facts must be made public, sooner or later, and they regret that any measures were taken at the start to suppress them. They realize that it would have been far better to have prepared an official, full and candid statement for the press and are only too glad that it is now published.

My Lord Bishop of Michigan is a tall, stalwart, fine-looking man, and when in England some time ago he was shown much attention by the number of bishops and well-known clergymen. Your English parson has not to bear the burden of as many canting, conventional shams as are common to preachers in America, the world being perfectly satisfied as long as he is a man of honor, piety, and manliness, that he should live as well as the rest of mankind.

Mispronunciation of American proper names and titles is a very common thing among the English, and the ecclesiastical title of "My Lord Bishop of Michigan," was invariably rendered so as to sound "My Chicken." On one occasion when a feast of good things had lapsed the tongues and ripened the wit of a number of clerics, one celebrated divine, alluding to the fine appearance and social and almost jovial qualities of the prelate from the "Wolverine" state, remarked to some others that he didn't see anything at all appropriate in calling him "My Chicken," as he thought from his appearance that he looked like a "gamey old cock."

## MANY A JEST HAS PROVED A PROPHECY.

THE GAZETTE CORRESPONDENT'S STORY. The following is the version of the affair given by the correspondent of the POLICE GAZETTE, referred to in our introductory remarks:

DETROIT, Mich., April 6, 1878.—That you may see the base subserviency of the entire press of Detroit to crimes in high places the enclosed paper is forwarded to you, with this statement, which is as true as proof of holy writ. The unpublished facts referred to therein are these:

About a month since Michigan was startled by the published resignation of his jurisdiction by the Rt. Rev. Samuel A. McCookrey, D. D., which of course was like a thunder clap in a clear sky. The excuse alleged for this resignation was ill health, but every one knew that was false, because he had just returned from an ecclesiastical visit to Pontiac and other places in this vicinity, where he had washed away the sins of many of our young church women by the transmission of the Divine Spirit through his hands resting on their virgin heads. It is now an open secret, notorious throughout this city and Michigan, that he had for several years as his amanuensis a fair young English girl, with whom a legitimate intimacy existed for a long time, living under his own roof. The fair amanuensis was finally removed to a boarding house near the Jewish Synagogue on Washington avenue.

After a time this girl was married to a young man in this community who got into trouble, and his wife, to aid him, furnished him, it is alleged, with several of the Lord Bishop's most amorous and burning epistles. These letters, it is stated, were shown to and read by the leading wardens,



ALFRED JONES' BRUTAL BUTCHERY OF HIS DAUGHTER NEAR LINVILLE, OHIO.

terms of too great intimacy with her. The vestryman was astounded, and concluded that it must be a deep laid scheme to blackmail the Bishop or his friends. He was told that the letters had been left in the safe of a Michigan farmer by a printer named George McConnell. Quietly he obtained possession of the letters and confident that he could work up a clear case of blackmail, he set his wife to work. McConnell was sent for and responded. His story was another astonisher. He said that for several years he had been on terms of too great intimacy with Fanny Richards, and that he had known the Bishop was in the same boat. A year or so before this he had been assisting the girl and her mother to move, had discovered the Bishop's letters lying on a table, examined them, and then placed them in his pocket for his own protection. All efforts to extort any other story from him only excited additional particulars of his knowledge of

## THE BISHOP'S INTIMACY WITH THE GIRL.

All that McConnell wanted was that he should be protected in so far as he was innocent of any intent to levy blackmail, and, on receiving the assurance desired, he surrendered the letters. The vestryman consulted with another prominent member of the Episcopal Church, and, after they had satisfied themselves that the letters were undoubtedly written by the Bishop, they resolved to summon him before them. He came in all his official dignity, but when the letters were laid before him he broke down and became as a mere suppliant.

He at once acknowledged the authenticity of two of them which bore his signature, and at first recognized a third as his, but when told that his name was not attached to it, he attempted to retrieve his error, and tossed it aside with an evasive remark. The two letters signed by him showed that he was on terms of unnatural intimacy with the girl, but nothing criminal. He scarcely deigned to look at the other letters and pronounced them counterfeit. He nevertheless wished to obtain possession of them at any expense. He was told that it would cost him nothing. If they proved to be genuine he could not have them at any price, and if mere fabrications they would be turned over to him.

They had some of them known and loved the Bishop for forty years, and their families were on terms of the closest intimacy with him and his. Besides, as they thought, the very foundations of the great Episcopal church would be threatened with utter annihilation were they to entertain these seemingly positive proofs of his guilt.

The first surprise over, however, they calmly surveyed the situation like candid men, found their first fears fully realized in the positive nature of the proofs and then decided to act. They accordingly waited on Bishop McCookrey in a body, laid the case before him in a calm but determined way and demanded his

## UNCONDITIONAL RESIGNATION.

He did not fully admit his guilt, but sought to prevaricate as before, and suggested that he be relieved ostensibly on the ground of age and infirmities, and that an assistant should be appointed to administer the duties of the episcopate. To this the committee would not consent. Nothing short of an unconditional surrender would meet their views. They would not even agree that a resignation should stand in the way of a subsequent trial before the court of bishops. One pledge, however, they would make him, and that was that in case he should resign instantaneously the offending letters should be merely kept in their possession, doubly sealed and securely locked in the vault of a bank, never again to be seen by mortal man unless demanded by the diocese in convention, in which case they were only to be shown in executive convention under pledge of the strictest secrecy, and then resigned to the silent vault, pending the proposition. The Bishop was advised to go to Buffalo immediately, there to remain for a short time, and then go to Europe and spend the balance of his days in the society of his only daughter, Mrs. Stanton, now residing abroad. He was assured that ample means would be furnished him by the sympathizing members of the church. They hoped to be able to suppress all information concerning the cause of his resignation, and even if the facts did eventually come out, by that time he would have placed the broad Atlantic between him and them, and his remaining days could be passed in peace. Bishop McCookrey

was while acting in this capacity, as report has it, that the Bishop had induced her to yield to his wishes, although it would appear that she had prior to that time been too free with McConnell. But it seems that the Bishop, after a time, either tired of the responsibility, or wished to make an exchange. He had, meanwhile, given out that Fannie was his ward, and, it is said, had caused the information to be communicated to certain parties that she was distantly related to him. Fannie met a young man named Bannister, about her own age, and a clerk in a hardware store, and

## TOOK SOMETHING OF A FANCY TO HIM.

The Bishop encouraged his fancy, and held out, it is alleged, glowing pictures of the beauties of wedded bliss for the inspection of the swain. To a poor clerk the idea of being wedded to a ward and reputed relative of a Bishop was dazzling. He plied a suit to willing ears, and in a brief time the nuptials were heralded. Something over a year ago St. John's Episcopal Church was crowded of an evening to witness the imposing ceremony. The Bishop himself presided and performed the ceremony, assisted by two or three other prominent clergymen. After the ring had been placed and blessed, a brilliant reception was given at the residence of Mr. Willard on Ninth street, at which the happiest man of all that merry throng was Bishop McCookrey, who paid for the carriage, the supper, the wedding trousseau, etc. Frequently, it is said, after the wedded pair was established in quarters, the good Bishop called to pay his respects and manifested an interest in their welfare, not taking any special pains to make his calls

## WHEN THE HUSBAND WAS AT HOME.

Bannister was a mere youth, and the honor of having for a wife a Bishop's ward did not, he found to his sorrow, pay the butcher and grocer, to say nothing of the tailor, and he has since then had more or less trouble in making both ends meet and is now domiciled at the Grand Trunk Junction, three miles from this city, and employed as a clerk in the offices of that company.

As to the letters on which the standing committee based their demand for the Bishop's resignation, they are seven in number. One of

each other that it consumes the whole person. From New York, October 18, he writes again, acknowledging receipt of her letter in which she has confided her inmost feelings of mind and body. She must have no fears for the future, as he will take care of her. He is pleased to learn that her health continues good, and that his cure is permanent. He will take care of her so long as he lives. She has created and excited in him desires which he never before felt for any other person. Their union is forever and is sanctified by the highest solemnities. He then adds: "Oh, how I would like to see you and see you all in your loveliness!!! Be cautious, and remember that secrecy alone can protect me, and

## "BURN THIS LETTER AT ONCE!!!"

Here follows a number of dashes, understood to represent more kisses. The last letter from New York bears the date of October 29. He acknowledges the receipt of her ever welcome letter and says although in the midst of business and excitement he cannot refrain from sitting down and answering her very sweet missive. "Every day," he continues, "passes pleasantly because it brings me one day nearer my little wife. Your renewed offer of one-half the bed and all the clothes will be accepted. I think of you in all your loveliness. How lovely you look when your head falls on my bosom and you realize the joy of affection. Oh, isn't it sweet, darling, to feel the touch of love? I send you a drile of spending money. I intended giving you some before leaving home, but neglected doing so. Buy whatever you want and have it charged to me."

"Remember that you are mine, and that I own you all. You will see when I am home again the windows open at my house as you pass by. Come in as you go to school, for my whole happiness depends upon whether you are keeping your promise with me, as I shall certainly keep mine with you. We must not and cannot betray each other. My own sweet darling wife, I send you" (here follows fifty crosses, meaning as many kisses). Among these letters was one which the Bishop had written to the girl for her to copy and send, in her own handwriting, to McCookrey as coming from her. It would seem



vestrymen and officers of the Episcopal Church of this city, who were notified, that unless the aid desired in this instance was extended, the letters would be published, and the church blown to atoms by this amorous dynamite. It was extended and the husband went on his way, free and rejoicing. The consequence was that the Bishop was confronted with his love letters and was called upon to resign his bishopric. Instantly and to leave Michigan, which he has done being now in Buffalo, the guest of Mr. Sheldon, one of the oldest and purest ministers of the church in the United States. From Buffalo, the Bishop will go to Europe, leaving his diocese to laud his frailties.

Years ago he went to Europe; visited the Lord Bishops of London, Oxford and Cambridge and came home a high churchman, a wine bibber and a debauchee. Some years ago he made a present of a piano to a "pet" of his, purchased from a Mr. Crouse, which the church had to pay for, after they had hushed up his *livison*. One of his love letters to his young amanuensis, which has been seen and read all over Detroit, was written at the last Episcopal convention in Boston, where he was manifestly

UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF BACCHUS and not of the Holy Spirit; the *billy* done in question referred to a donation by him of an article of bed room furniture scarcely to be mentioned in polite society—terms which only a drunken man could have used. That this Bishop should have fallen is not, however, an isolated case. One will be remembered who was deposed a few years ago for the laying on of hands improperly upon his lady communicate, and so is now known in church history as the great "Paw-Knee" of Episcopacy; and it has long been notorious through Michigan that Bishop McCook was a wine bibber and a debauchee.

But the moral of his downfall and its detestable features are these—that the entire press of this city have had full knowledge of all these transactions for the last month, that the local editors have many of them seen and read those letters, and yet, under the influence of money or fashion and hypocrisy they have endeavored to suppress and conceal them. Had the young amanuensis been caught in adulterous intercourse with any of our young men, they would have been arrested, exposed, published, and very likely imprisoned. But because this man wore lawn sleeves, was second on the muster roll of the church, our priests, deacons, wardens and vestrymen conspire and collude to protect him from the infamy which he has earned; and employed an eminent lawyer to go to Chicago to suppress and prevent the world from knowing how easy it is to steal the liver of heaven to serve the devil in. Yesterday a young fellow from had habits, fled to Canada, and the entire press of Detroit spread far and wide the news of his downfall and crime. It remains to be seen if your independent press has pluck and honesty enough to let the world know the real truth as to the resignation of the late Bishop of this diocese.

DETROIT, "ALL TALK UP." The city is agitated from centre to circumference this evening by the scandal concerning Bishop A. McCook. The facts in the case are by no means new to the majority of our citizens, especially the men around town and those who love to roll over morsels of this description beneath their tongues.

A number of prominent Detroit Episcopalians have been interviewed with a view to ascertaining what would be the probable effect of the notoriety which the case has now gained. With very few exceptions, a general feeling of relief was expressed by those more familiar with the facts, and who know of the endeavors which had been made to keep them secret.

Mr. Wm. J. Waterman, a prominent member of Grace Church, said he was glad that the veil had been lifted from this shocking picture of human depravity and ecclesiastical abasement. He had felt all along that it ought not to be covered up in order that the criminal might escape the exposure and disgrace which his deederly merited. If Bishop McCook was guilty of the crimes alleged his resignation should not be accepted by the house of bishops. The scandal to the church could not be heightened by anything which looked like compounding of the Bishop's crime, promising him secrecy on condition of his withdrawal from the fold.

Mr. C. D. Stephens, another prominent light in Grace Episcopal church. When asked whether Episcopalians generally believed the Bishop to have been insane upon the subject of improper intercourse, replied very promptly and emphatically that they did not. It was generally confessed that his conduct was the result of genuine immorality, and no attempt would be made to shield him by any theory that his mind was impaired. The Bishop of course denied the charges in toto and to Mr. Stephens' personal knowledge had offered to take any oath, no matter of what description, that they were wholly and unqualifiedly false. He had, however, confessed to being the author of a few of the letters which bore his own signature.

A lay Episcopalian of prominence while admitting the truth of the letters and deploring the acts of the bishop declared him to be his dog and ridiculed the idea of his committing the act by reason of his physical infirmity.

Now that the story is out, every other man meets in Detroit recalls the fact that the Bishop was in the habit of following every attractive girl he saw, and as none of the girls are willing to admit that they are otherwise, most of them concede that they were among the number, and some of them assert openly, that the aged cleric has followed them for blocks with loving glances. It is also claimed now that it has been a common boast for years among some of the boys about town that they slaked their thirst at the same fountain as did the head of the church.

One of the captured letters to Fannie Richards accompanied by a parcel, said substantially that, during his last visit to her room he had noticed that a certain useful piece of crockery in her possession was not of a material worthy to be used by so much "discovered" loveliness, and begged her acceptance from him of the one accompanying the note, the same being a costly and gorgeous article, with a broad gold band around it. The note further requested that its first use be reserved until his next visit, in order that he might be present and

WITNESS THE EPISODE. Had he been lower in rank, the disgrace would not so keenly felt by the church; and had he been younger in years—in the heyday of youth or the vigor of middle age—there would not have been wanting thousands willing to palliate his offense and shield him from the penalty. But he stands on the brink of the grave and defies the near heaven and the receding earth for the gratification of a bestial lust that is stronger than a sense of honor, stronger than the love of man or God, and could only have aspired the mastery by almost life-long indulgence. All those who have been at all intimate with him have known for many years that he indulged quite freely in wines and liquors; and even those whose ac-

quaintance with him was confined to the street could not fail to recognize the fact from his enlarged nose and decidedly rummy complexion. And yet he was upheld and sustained in his exalted position, when any ordinary communicant would have been promptly disciplined. Still worse he was known, it is said, to be inordinately fond of female society, and almost numberless rumors have been afloat for years impugning his chastity. But he looked like a Bishop; he never failed to remind all with whom he came in contact that he was a Bishop; and his indomitable will seems to have lulled all to sleep in the conviction that he would be a Bishop while he lived.

From all reports, the scene between Bishop McCook and the two vestrymen who summoned him into their presence and first broke the terrible news to him that all was discovered, must have been one

OF THE MOST DRAMATIC CHARACTER. Before these two men, overwhelmed with a sense of the self-imposed duty which they had to perform, yet nervous to the point of doing it unflinchingly, came this pompos, arrogant, self-confident vicegerent of heaven, rejoicing in his imposed strength. Herebefore his imperious will had swept down all obstacles. He was a law unto himself. In a few well chosen words the awful revelation was made, and the proud dictator of the proudest church in the universe was an abject mendicant at their feet.

Abbot & Ketchum are carpet dealers in Detroit. Some time since the firm employed a young man as a collector, on account of his good address and his qualifications for business. The work for a great house, and that he could only hope for advancement by zeal and attention to business, devoted himself to his calling with great industry and effect. Among the bills placed in his hands, it is said, was one for carpets purchased for a residence of a lady acquaintance of the Bishop. The bill should have been handed to the Bishop for payment, according to his direction, but, owing to some oversight, the collector took the same to the woman's house. On ringing the bell a female domestic appeared at the door, who seemed not particularly distinguished for her vivacity of conversation or brilliancy of intellect. She greeted the young man with a stare as he calmly walked into the hall and addressed himself to business. He inquired for the lady of the house, and was informed that she was in her apartments above. The collector mounted the stairs, and entered the first room at hand. The story is that his astonished eyes fell upon the Bishop, who was holding the mistress of the house

FROM HIS LAP. A little scream and a scramble announced that the visit was an unexpected and unpleasant one. The young man has since that time been advanced to a high and responsible position with the firm he has served so well. The moral is obvious.

Having given the story of the alleged guilt of the Bishop so much in detail it is but fair that what little has thus far appeared on the side of the defense should also be given a place beside. Following is the alleged denial of the Bishop himself and a statement of the ground taken by his friends.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 17.—Bishop McCook denies the whole story; declares he resigned on account of ill health and old age, and points to a life of rectitude for seventy-four years as his vindication. It is suggested, though not urged, in explanation of the letters, that he was becoming deranged on some points, and that he wrote them while out of his head. The matter has been kept a profound secret and leaked out casually. There are said to be more facts lying back, but the Detroit papers publish nothing about the scandal, and no interviews hitherto held have elicited any facts here.

Any Anson, Mich., April 17.—Several prominent Episcopalians of this city were interviewed this evening in regard to the McCook scandal. Rev. Wyllys Hall, member of the Standing Committee of the Diocese, said: "As a member of the Standing Committee, I have investigated the matter thoroughly; have read every letter, and carefully studied them all, and have fully decided that there is no evidence of guilt. The Bishop may have been indiscreet; no doubt that the letters are genuine; many of them, while on common-place topics, may be construed into the guilt of the writer by one who does not know all the circumstances. The story is really terrible, but medical experts in Detroit have informed me that a man of peculiar build like that of the Bishop, and his time of life, could not perform the act with which he is charged. I think the trouble grew out of the Bishop's willingness to befriend the poor girl. The opinion is expressed that there are still other letters not yet discovered. I fear it is so."

Rev. Hall said he believed McCook had been incontinent softening of the brain. Others who were interviewed are about equally divided in their opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the Bishop. All are inclined, however, to take the most charitable view of the matter.

#### A Seducer's Explication.

RICHMOND, Ind., April 18.—Last winter, while Mrs. Charles Maul was confined, her husband seduced her sister and two servant girls who were attending her. When Mrs. Maul learned this so greatly did it affect her that she became a raving maniac and she is now confined in the insane asylum at Indianapolis. To avoid her father's vengeance Maul fled and was unheard of until a day or two since, when he returned and resumed work at his trade. Mrs. Maul's brother, the Stevenson boy, heard of his return and in pursuance of an oath made by them last winter they met him on a bridge at the edge of the city this morning and shot at him seven times. Three balls entered his body, producing wounds from the effects of which his death is hourly expected. The Stevensons have given notice that they will be on hand whenever the courts want them. No arrests have been made. Public sentiment strongly favors the boys. The three girls are all pregnant. Fears are entertained that one or more of them will become insane.

#### Murderer Sentenced.

FREDERICK, Md., April 19.—Edward Costley, alias Edward Dorsey, found guilty during the September term of court of the murder of his cousin, Solomon Costley, Jr., in this county in April last, and afterward arrested in New York, to-day received his death sentence. An effort is being made to induce the Governor to commute the sentence to imprisonment for life; but it is thought it will be unavailing, as the jury which convicted him declined to sign the requisite petition.

CLEVELAND, O., April 9.—Leonard Stroud, a farmer, aged fifty-five years, residing in Troy, Geauga county, fatally stabbed his wife on Thursday last and then cut his own throat, dying in a few minutes. Mrs. Stroud died at noon to-day.

## DOWN ON HIS LUCK.

Which is the Case with Dave Johnson who has Found Montana very Unhealthy for Him.

### A THRICE HANGED MAN.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 15.—Hung up three times in a railroad tunnel by the vigilantes of Montana, Dave Johnson returns to Chicago to show the boys the prints of the frontier rope which are still upon his neck. The Times thus recounts his adventures: "Jes me luck, be Jaz; in one day and out the next," said Dave, as he put the handkerchief back on the pivot of his head after showing his scars. Then he pulled his hat to one side, closed one eye, expectorated between his teeth, and pulled vigorously at a "torch."

"It's a wonder that the japes don't get shot out of me, be Jaz, and write me up. Well, I'm back again, but I reckon they'll be onto me of I stay. Jes me luck, be Jaz."

In action, movement, and general style Dave Johnson is very much like the quondam Moses who used to stand around the corners with a distended jaw for a companion. There is not much of the under-side of life which he has not seen, and, as is usually the case with such men at the last turn, he is considerably subdued, and would enjoy being let alone for awhile to an extent which none but himself could appreciate. "It was me fault at the send-off. I was not a pet; but I've had to kind of edge me way along, and it's many's the shiv that I've had, be Jaz."

He got his "send-off," as he calls it, in Buffalo, N. Y. It's the boast of Buffalo that it has scattered more scare broadcasts than any city on this continent. Johnson was a "dock wolverine" there, and after numerous little escapades with the police he "sailed." Just when he anchored in Chicago is not on his "log," but he fell in with the Dan O'Brien gang, which at that time did what the Garritys, O'Dells, and Hassells of to-day do, when not behind the grates. In the last deal which Johnson had here he got the worst of it. Having been "vagg'd" several times, he thought the lines were being drawn about him too closely, and veered toward the setting sun. He put in part of the season at Erie, but the former rough edges there had become a little too smooth for Dave, and he turned about when the Black Hills gulches threw up their Colorado shout, and the gates to the jewels of the earth were opened.

It will be many a day before all the incidents of that last excitement will be told. Its new inhabitants came to it better skilled than they were when the valleys of Los Angeles and Sacramento turned up their nuggets stolen every time

WITH CLATS OF BLOOD.

As everything good tends to perfection in this world, so does the evil grow to itself, and one generation leaps forward to eclipse a former. There were men in the expedition to the Hills who had brushed against the glitter and the dash of society; who had ridden under starless skies after a bloody duel; who had won and lost both in the games of cards and the game of hearts; and who took in the last act with their hands upon their belts, feeling that the time for the last stand had arrived. For such men there is no longer any discussion. The neutral territory is marked off their maps, and to question the statement of one of them means to back up the interrogatory with the knife or the "swamp angel" or navy. Outlawed in a land of freedom; hunted by men who sometimes are their inferiors in every relation of life, two-thirds of these men verily believe that there is the most uneven game in the world. "They have made me what I am," is the retort which they give when the red-tape reformers chide them on their conditions. In all of the advancements of civilization it has not yet been able to promulgate a formula by which these men who have outraged its society can be brought back. They don't understand the philosophy of that religion which insures them a "soft thing" in the other world, and pillows their heads upon stones in this. The prison reformers subdue them while the gates are shut and the warden is at the post. But when their "time" has been served and they are turned out on the world they go forth with a hang-dog look that sticks to their countenances as long as they exist, and knowing this, they go through the remainder of their days like whipped curs that are started down a line between two walls, with tin can tied to their tails.

Dave Johnson may not be quite so bad a man as some of these, but he has been knocked about and put in with them so repeatedly that he imagines himself "one of the gang" in every respect. He "got tired" of the Hills—which the boys understand as meaning that he was uneasy, and when one of these fellows got uneasy it is time for people who read prayer-books to take time for the country. He "pulled up" at a Montana town where "society" was established. That is,

THE TOWN WAS FINISHED. It had got along to that point where it sustained some lawyers, where the saloons were no longer built on wheels, and where the gambling halls figured in the directories; and where the vigilantes took the place of the lawyers when the lawyers and the judges were a little short of justice; where Dave and the boys played nothing but the "case," where the "bars" had advanced to that degree where two bottles were kept, and a few where their accounts promptly before they had them handed out on the end of a navy. The rough and grizzled mountaineer rather enjoys such a consideration as this after the close of a stormy career. But this state of affairs does not necessarily imply a total abstinence from slitting men's throats. In this village Dave rested. He obtained a situation in one of the "bars" which was an auxiliary to the den above, where a man could get most any kind of a deal he wanted. There was a lawyer in the town whose name was Clay. He claimed that some of the blood which trickled through the veins of "Harry of Ashland" was in his, and he startled the world now and then with a kind of a twang, which was musical. A man's claim to nothing in that country doesn't go. He has got to show his hand in every deal. He has got to put up or pass out. There are no pedigrees in that country. They count the scalps in a man's belt and then try him on another. This "alleged relation"—there were some alleged things in that country as there are some in Chicago—had been up at the game one night very late and came down lower and very sullen. He growled and then threatened to equal if he didn't get a part of the play returned. There is a difference between a "squel" out there and one in Chicago. When a man is "steered against the joint" in Chicago, and gets beaten, as is very apt to be the case, he hunts up what is known as a special, especially detailed by the chief of police to stand around the corner, and when the squelcer comes up and makes his complaint the "joint" is interviewed by the special "dittal," a divy is arranged and the squelcer is not on deck when the case is

called. Very nice arrangement. But in Montana and some other parts of the west, where the position of chief of police has not yet become one of the emoluments, when a man squeals he goes out of the door head foremost. This was a part of Dave Johnson's business. And when Clay made his threats Dave collared him. Clay had some of the fire in him and he resented the "collar" with a blade which he drew artistically across the abdomen of David.

THAT MEANT BUSINESS.

Dave drew his navy, and he laid that navy and Clay down together. In a few minutes Clay was as lifeless as the instrument which had chilled the circulation of his body and clogged its machinery. Dave went to bed, and for sixteen days he waited for somebody to call on him, besides his friends and the doctor, but they didn't come.

"I didn't care to lose me posish," said Dave, "so I took meself back to the bar and went to work. They planted Clay, but they never served any paper on me."

A few weeks after this occurrence another man "croaked" in the same place, and some inquiries were made in regard to his death, but the interrogatory was never answered. Dave waited a while longer, and as no one called on him he took the train one night for the states. This excited suspicion.

The vigilantes at the next station were notified, and when the train pulled up, the mounted dispensers of justice "called Dave," and he showed his hand. There was no discussion. On the next train the other vigilantes arrived and Dave was taken to a tunnel under the track, and after the rope had been fixed they asked him who he killed Clay. He told them he did the act. Then, who killed the other man? He didn't know. They led the horse out from under him and he swung off at the end of the rope. They gave him another show, but he had nothing to impart. They tried the third time, with similar results. Then they let him down, carried him to a truck "watchman's" look, laid him down and dashed off over the prairies, leaving him to die or beat the game as he could. He laid there until the watchman came up and he was cared for. As soon as he recuperated he kissed his hand to the mountain peaks, the "eternal snows" of which were being crimsoned by a setting sun, and "passed out."

"It's jes me luck, be Jaz," said Dave as he asked the boys at the "House" what they would have, and leaned against the bar as if he were a trifle tired. "Yo can see the marks of the string on me neck jist here; they drew on me, but I protested, is that what ye call it?" And the "boys" clicked their glasses together to the familiar old toast, "Ere's luck."

#### The Spencer Butchery.

KEOKUK, Iowa, April 15.—The trial of Willis James for the murder of the Spencer family, near Luray, in Clark county, Mo., was commenced in the circuit court at Keokuk, Mo., this morning. The entire day was occupied with the work of securing a jury. One hundred men were subpoenaed, and from those the requisite forty were selected, who were found, upon examination, to be qualified to act as jurors. From this number the prosecution will excuse eight, the defense will reject twenty, and the remaining twelve will try the case. Forty-eight hours' time is allowed in which to do this, and the probability is that the full time will be exhausted. The objects to several of those who were examined, on the ground that they belong to the anti-Horse-Thief Society, but the objections were overruled by the court. Seventy-nine witnesses have already been subpoenaed, and the trial will probably occupy several weeks. The prisoner was taken into court this morning, and occupied a seat near his attorneys. He kept his eyes constantly on the men who were being examined, but did not converse with anyone except when he was addressed. He is cool and collected, rather pale from long confinement, but is otherwise in good physical condition, and weighs about twenty pounds more than when he was arrested. The attorneys for the state are Ben E. Turner, prosecuting attorney of Clark county, and D. T. Miller & Sons, of Keokuk, and for the defense Mattcock & Hiller, of Kanoka, and James Hagerman, of Keokuk.

The murder, which was the most shocking in the annals of crime in this section, was committed on the night of August 2, or on the morning of August 3, 1877. The victims were Wm. L. Spencer, his daughters Alice and Jane, aged twenty and sixteen respectively, and his wife, Mary, aged ten and seven respectively. Spencer and his wife William slept in the hay-loft in the stable, Jane and Charley occupied a bed on the first floor of the dwelling, and Alice a bed in the attic. The crime was undoubtedly committed to secure a sum of money which Spencer was known to have in his possession. This, so far as can be ascertained, amounted to about \$900. The murderous work was done with an ax taken from the wood-pile. It evidently commenced in the stable where Spencer and his son were struck in the head with the ax, and their skulls crushed in the most shocking manner. The murderers then proceeded to the house, and dispatched the remaining three in a similar manner. Their skulls were all broken in with an ax and their faces frightfully disfigured. Except the youngest son, whose body was lying across that of his sister, the victims were all in the attitude of sleep, the bloody work having been accomplished without arousing them. The ax was found under the window through which entrance to the house was effected. It was covered with blood, hair, and brains closely matted together. The most intense excitement prevailed in that locality for days and the anti-Horse-Thief Society of Clark county made a vigilant search for weeks without discovering any positive clue, so ardently had the murderous designs been carried out. Suspicion pointed to Willis James, who is the brother-in-law of Spencer, more openly than anyone else, and after a time he was placed under arrest. The evidence against him so far as known is purely circumstantial, but nevertheless very strong. He was the first to discover and give the news of the murder, and spots resembling those of blood were found upon his clothes. This, with his conduct immediately after the murder, his knowledge of the fact that Spencer had a large sum of money in his possession and his failure to satisfactorily account for his whereabouts on the night of the murder furnish the ground of suspicion. Elijah Spencer, the brother of the murdered man, is also under suspicion and the evidence is said to be even stronger against him than against James. He was arrested at the same time James was but the grand jury did not feel warranted in holding him and he was discharged. Since then witnesses have been produced who identify him as the man whom they saw on the morning of the murder going from the direction of his brother's house to his own. He is under close surveillance, and if anything is deduced from the evidence implicating him he will be re-arrested. The trial promises to be the most interesting one ever held in this region.

## MEMORABLE MAULINGS.

Reminiscences of the Early Days of the American Prize Ring and its Prominent Heroes.

### A GANG OF GAME ONES.

It was about the year 1840 that pugilism began to attract considerable attention in this country, and Harrington and McLane were succeeded by professors of a better type—that is, in regard to nerve, courage and stamina.

During this year the famous Yankee Sullivan visited America. He was known as the Connemara Ram, owing to the fact that he had a cheerful mode of "putting" his opponents in a rough-and-tumble, or a rush-in-and-drag-out, with his head.

Sullivan had been victorious in numerous battles before he arrived here, but not seeing game large enough, he decided to first pay a visit to England, and arrange a match with Hammer Lane, who flourished at that time, and who was looked upon as invincible. He went to England and fought Lane on February 2, 1841. He gave the Birmingham Hammer, as Lane was termed, such a thrashing that his name stood higher than ever.

Boos Harrington still took rank in this city at the head of the list of old-time pugilists, in 1841, and, although he did not figure in any more ring contests, he was always first in a bar-room rally. He led the Blood Tubs of Washington Market, and was acknowledged the boss. Just about this time Tom Hyer, a noble specimen of humanity, born January 1, 1819, twenty-two years of age, standing six feet two inches in height, came prominently before the public. Between these two extremes, represented by Harrington and Hyer, there was at this period, a sort of Irish-American influence led by the redoubtable Mike Walsh, who was considered the boss among the "Spartan Band" of the numerous sporting-houses in the vicinity of Park Row, Madison, Walker, Chatham and Division streets. It was at this time that pugilism and politics joined hands, and Old Tammany Hall, at the corner of Frankfort street and Chatham Square, was a rendezvous of the pugilistic elements, and rough-and-tumbles were of frequent occurrence among the members of the old Empire Club and out-side gangs.

The Washington Market roughs swore by Boos Harrington, and ready

ALWAYS READY FOR A FIGHT. Mike Walsh, the leader of the Spartan Band of the collars, boasted that Hyer could whip all creation, and Park Row and Chatham street were nightly witnessing rough-and-tumbles between the partisans of the rival factions. About this time Yankee Sullivan had defeated Hammer Lane in England, and he decided to pay another visit to this country, this time to fight any man in America. On Sullivan's arrival he opened the Sawdust House in Division street. War then began in earnest, and pugilism, which had been lying dormant, became very lively. In New York a sort of Irish brigade began to be formed among persons of Irish birth or origin. They rallied around Yankee Sullivan, claiming him as a suitable champion and exponent of their pugilistic proclivities.

It was under such circumstances that Sullivan was matched to fight Vincent Hammond for \$100 a side. The fight took place at League Island, near Philadelphia, September 2, 1841. Sullivan made a chopping-block of Hammond, and won in eight rounds, which Colonel De Courcy says lasted just twelve minutes. Yankee Sullivan's decisive defeat of Vince Hammond, who was considered the best man in America, set the pugilistic ball in motion. During the next two weeks rough-and-tumble fights followed, and challenges flew like feathers from Scotch thistles in a wind-storm. The Hyer gang claimed they had the boss, while the Irish brigade offered to back Sullivan, whom they hailed by all sorts of endearing epithets, such as "Yankee," "Sully," "Bully," &c.

A few days after Sullivan's victory over Hammond, Tom Hyer was surprised by John McChesler, better known as Country McCuskey, rushing into his saloon on Park Row:

"I can whip a whole boatful of such ducks as you. Why, you talk of licking Yankee. Yer can whip me. Come over to the park. I fight you for fun or duce."

The announcement somewhat aroused Hyer, but he declined to fight in the park. In the mean time Park Row was alive with

PUGILISTS AND THEIR PATRONS.

Colonel De Courcy, Mike Walsh, Jake Somerindike, Aleck Hamilton and a host of the leading old-time sports were soon on the *qui vive*. Hyer at last agreed to fight, and suggested an excursion up the Hudson. It was on September 9, 1841, precisely one week after the Sullivan and Hammond fight, that the graduates of pugilism steered, to use the vernacular, by Jake Somerindike, took the Albany boat for Caldwell's Landing. No ring was made with stakes or ropes, as they were not necessary in those days. The men stripped and stepped into a scratch which was drawn by Jake Somerindike.

The fight was to settle a quarrel instigated by the enemies of Sullivan, who were both at the time claiming to be the "best man in the country."

It was agreed that half a minute should elapse between each round, so that no benefit should accrue from foul blows on either side; all blows were considered fair. McCuskey stripped in good condition, and weighed 165 pounds. Hyer weighed 180, was three inches taller than McCuskey and possessed a tremendous long reach. Jake Somerindike and Al Reynolds seconded Hyer, while Aleck Hamilton was bottle-holder. Yankee Sullivan and Andy Ketchum seconded McCuskey, and Jack Newbit was bottle-holder.

The fight was a desperate one, and during the first eleven rounds McCuskey had the best of the battle. Betting was in McCuskey's favor throughout. In the twenty-eighth round it was anybody's fight. McCuskey's gang, who were assembled from the many dives that filled Division street and Chatham Square, shouted: "You've got him, Country. Now give him one of them old Chatham Square fellows." "Yes, he has," remarked the stalwart Hyer, and accompanying the remark by a tremendous left-hander on Country's nose, broke the nasal foundation, which appeared literally split in twain, and knocked him three feet off his pins. In the following rounds \$20 to \$5 was laid on Hyer. In the forty-fourth round Hyer let go one of his steam-hammers and opened a deep gash in Country's head. After seventy-three rounds had been fought neither would give in, although BOTH WERE TERRIBLY FURNISHED.

In the seventy-fourth round a mutual blow brought both pugilists to the ground, and while they lay there Hyer put out his right hand to McCuskey and said: "Put it there, old fellow," and both shook hands.

Again the fight was continued, and McCuskey was knocked down. When ninety rounds had been fought neither gave any signs of relinquishing the contest, although it was plain to all that McCuskey could not win. To save further unnecessary trouble, Yankee Sullivan wanted to throw up the sponge, but the indomitable pugilist refused. He remarked: "I will fight while I can see and use my hands. Don't throw the sponge up." In the ninety-fifth round McCuskey was again knocked down, and he had been punished so terribly that his mother would hardly have known him. Again his seconds wanted to draw him, but he begged to be allowed to fight while he could see. Both men at this stage were horribly punished. McCuskey's seconds were afraid that he would never recover, but he would have the fight ended. The fighting up to the one hundred and first round was terrific, and only continued after the urgent pleadings of McCuskey against the better judgment of his seconds. At the one hundredth round calculated Tom Hyer, vexed because McCuskey was beaten and would not give in, exclaimed, "O, let him come up—let him come on. I'll kill him this time." Hyer could then hit McCuskey wherever and whenever he wanted to. After one hundred and one rounds had been fought Sullivan said: "It's no use, Country, banging at him, he's got you licked. I'll tackle him after a while." McCuskey begged to be permitted to continue, but Sullivan knew that he would probably get killed, and

THREW UP THE SPONGE. The fight lasted two hours and fifty minutes. It was one of the most desperate fights ever witnessed, and few men have since shown the thorough game qualities that McCuskey did in this battle.

Hyer, at the finish, though terribly punished, could have fought two hours longer. The pugilists at those times did not train as they do now, and this fight was held, both being unprepared, under a hot, burning sun.

Sullivan was now eager to get up a match with Hyer, but another aspirant arose in the pugilistic corps—Tom Secor. He challenged Sullivan to fight, and as Hyer refused to fight Sullivan for less than \$3,000, the latter not being able to raise that amount, agreed to fight Secor. The match was made and the fight took place January 24, 1842. Secor was a large, powerful man, and weighed fully thirty pounds more than Sullivan. This contest created more interest than the McCuskey and Hyer fight, owing to more publicity being given to the affair.

Sullivan's friend chartered the steamer Star, which went down the Bay loaded to the guards. Secor's friends chartered the steamer Citizen. Other steamers, also loaded with sporting men, accompanied them. The fight took place between old Fort Tompkins and the Narrows, on Mr. Aspinwall's grounds. Over 2,000 persons were present. Sullivan was the favorite at \$50 to \$30, and a large amount was staked on the result. Country McCuskey and Bill Ford seconded Sullivan, while Frank Spight, afterward captain of the Metropolitan Police boat, and Abe Vandevize acted as referee and seconded Secor.

THE FIGHT WAS A DESPERATE ONE. Sullivan displayed numerous tricks, and constantly dropped down in order to avoid the blows. He punished Secor terribly, and after sixty-five rounds had been fought it seemed cruel to let Secor fight any more. He was fearfully cut up, and was as helpless as a child.

Sullivan now came forward, and grasping Secor by the hand, which the latter shook, advised that he should be withdrawn. Secor refused to give up, and continued to stand up and be butchered until sixty-seven rounds had been fought, when his seconds would not let him fight any longer, and Sullivan was declared the winner. The fight between Sullivan and Secor was followed by a number of smaller battles. Sullivan stood now away up, and the Irish brigade claimed that he could whip everybody. About this time the Brooklyn sports turned out a champion whom they offered to match against Yankee Sullivan. Brooklyn Bill and Tom Barrett asked Sullivan if he would fight, and he replied: "I would just as lief fight as eat, and there is no man in this country I would sooner fight than Tom Hyer." They told him that they had a boy in Brooklyn that would fight him for \$300. "I'll make the match," replied Yankee, "and bet you \$100 I win, and if I don't I'll eat my hat."

The match was finally made, and Bell and Sullivan met at Hart's Island, August 29, 1842. Nine steamboats went down the East river with nearly three thousand of the choicest spirits of the day, many of whom came from all parts of the country. Brooklyn's champion had never fought in the ring, but the sports were eager to have a fight and they were determined to lower Yankee Sullivan's colors, as New York could not stand him, for he wanted to whip everything and everybody, more especially Tom Hyer. The latter was a little shy of Sullivan, at least so Sullivan's friends claimed, but Hyer was willing to fight, providing Sullivan would

MAKE THE STAKES LARGE ENOUGH.

The day for the Bell and Sullivan fight arrived. Sullivan's friends chartered the old Westchester, while all Brooklyn was crowded on the steamers Saratoga, Wave, Boston and Bell. Secor's boat was the Napoleon. The fight created tremendous excitement. Sullivan secured the services of Bill Ford, and the famous Country McCuskey, while George Kenesett and Rag McKee handled the Brooklyn champion—Professor Bell. Bell had the advantage in height and weight, and, by the way, was a first-class pugilist, but there was no man living, especially when he had the privilege of the drop.

The fight was a remarkable one. In the second round both fell through the ropes and Sullivan pretended that he was unconscious, while Bell's friends offered odds that his man would win. In the next round the cunning Yankee was up at the call of time, and fighting harder than ever. In the sixth round Bell had Sullivan on the ropes, in a dangerous position. "Let me go, Billy," said Sullivan, as he stood with Bell's arm around his neck; "let me go, Billy. I can stand it no longer. I am going to give in. I can fight no more." Bell let go and turned to go to his corner, when Sullivan banged him; both clinched, and Sullivan returned laughing at the manner in which he had got out of a tight place.

On the twenty-fourth round Sullivan had Bell beaten, he could not fight any longer, and Sullivan added another victory to those already won. Pugilism, after this battle, was all the rage, and great efforts were now made to bring Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan together, but Hyer's friends refused to make the match, and the pugilistic era was kept alive by minor matches.

#### Attempted Murder.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 18.—Very early this morning Corporal Hassan Sulhi, Turkish Arms Inspector, quarrelled with his mistress and stabbed her repeatedly with a dirk, and then jumped from the third story of the house and broke his shoulder and hip. Both will probably recover. Sulhi was arraigned in his cell and this case continued for examination.









SHOOTING OF THE BRUTE GREIG, GILES COUNTY, VA.



FRANK MAXWELL'S FATAL CARELESSNESS, STEUBENVILLE, OHIO.



SHOOTING OF MR. LYONS BY LANMAN, BOSTON, MASS.



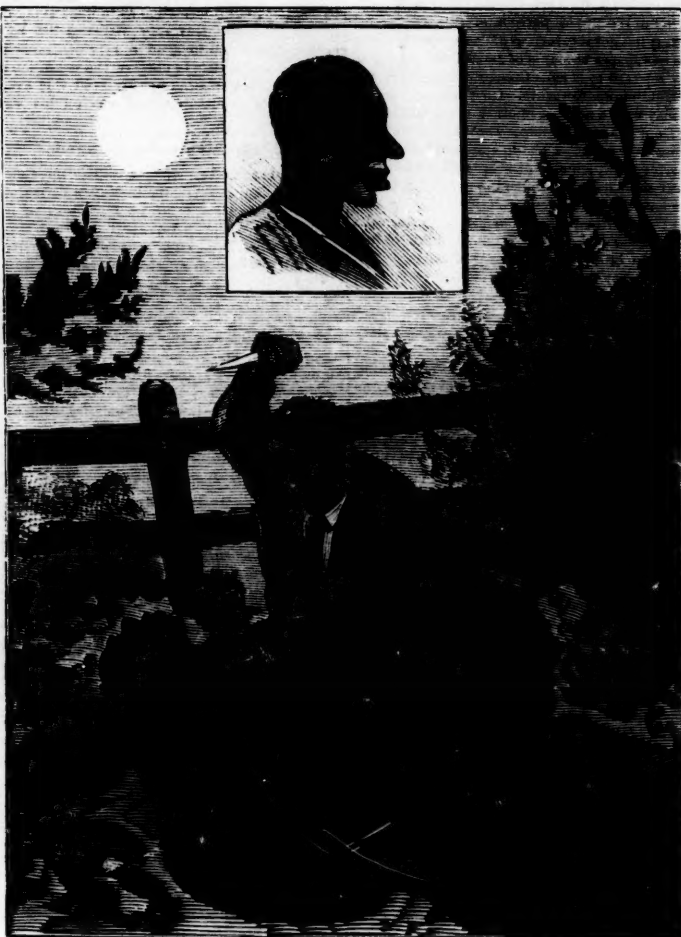
THE BEECHER-TILTON SCANDAL—SCENE BETWEEN MR. TILTON AND HER SON CARROLL.



FAST LIFE IN NEW YORK.—SCENE IN THE ARISTOCRATIC DANCE ROOMS ON A "SHADOW" NIGHT.



DESPERATE FRACAS IN BAUER'S SALOON, BOWERY N. Y.



MURDER OF DARBY ELLINGTON BY JIM DAVIS, FAYETTEVILLE, GA.



RIOT BETWEEN WHITE AND BLACK MINERS, COAL CREEK, IN.